

AT AUCTION
BY **WILL E. FISHER**
AUCTIONEER
Telephone Main 424.

THIS DAY Christmas Presents

AT AUCTION
FRIDAY, NOV. 30, 1906

AT 12 O'CLOCK AND 7:30 P. M.
in the evening, I will commence the
sale of the entire stock of the

J. Carlo Pawn Broking Co.

situate at 1154 Fort Street, opposite the
Catholic Mission.

On account of the departure of Mr.
J. Carlo for Amsterdam, Holland, I
am instructed to sell all the

**DIAMONDS,
WATCHES,
JEWELRY,
MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS,
ETC.**

consisting of Solid Gold and Filled-case
Watches, Chains, Rings of all descrip-
tions, Beads, Locketts, Cuff Buttons,
Bracelets, Stick Pins, Brooches, Gold
and Filled Ornaments, Musical Instru-
ments, Field and Opera Glasses, etc.—
in fact, everything that goes to make
up the jewelry of a pawn brokerage
establishment.

To be sold
WITHOUT LIMIT.
WITHOUT RESERVE.
MUST BE SOLD.

All goods guaranteed as represented.
Fixtures and safe to be sold at con-
clusion of sale of other articles.

WILL E. FISHER,
AUCTIONEER.

CHRISTMAS GOODS

At Auction
JAPANESE ART GOODS

I have been instructed by COL.
GEO. W. MACFARLANE to dispose of
at auction a consignment of Japanese
art goods, selected by the well-known
Japanese art dealers Samuraj Shokai
Co. of Japan, to be sold at my sales-
rooms, corner Fort and Queen streets.

SATURDAY, DEC. 1, 1906,
AT 12 O'CLOCK,
and EVENING, commencing at 7:30
o'clock.

ART GOODS consist of the finest
Japanese Bric-a-Brac of unique designs
and embrace finest cloisonne Satsuma
& Kutania articles, Silver Toilet Sets,
etc., Bronze, Hammered Brass and
Carvings.

—ALSO—
Magnificent Carved Furniture, in-
cluding Dragon Chairs, Roman Stools
and Chairs; Elaborate Settees, Very
Large Round Table, Porcelain Jar-
diniere, Pedestals, Inlaid Ivory and Silk
Japanese Screens and Panels, Beautiful
Brass and Copper Decorative Hall Lan-
terns, Large Porcelain Vases, Bronze
Lamps, Handsome Lacquer Ware, etc.,

—ALSO—
FINE FRENCH GOODS
and FRENCH CLOCKS—watch move-
ments and chime gongs.

All of which are now on exhibition
at my salesrooms, to be offered De-
cember 1, 1906.

WILL E. FISHER,
AUCTIONEER.

Forced Foreclosure

MONDAY, DEC. 3, 1906,
OPPORTUNITY FOR A BARGAIN.

A Cosy Cottage Home

Three bedrooms, parlor dining-room,
kitchen, bath, etc.
Nicely built; pleasant surroundings.
Beretania street, near Punahou
street.

Rapid Transit cars pass the door.
Inspection of premises solicited. Key
may be had by calling at the office.
Easy terms; only part cash.

WILL E. FISHER,
AUCTIONEER.

TO LET

Two-story corner cottage, with four
bedrooms, parlor, diningroom and kit-
chen, electric lights, etc., good chicken
yard, etc., corner Young and Pawaa
lane. Rent \$30.

If your house is vacant and you
wish it rented, list it with me.

THANKSGIVING DAY AT THE PRISON

John Martin conducted the Thanks-
giving services at Oahu prison in his
own inimitable way. At first blush one
might think the men in striped suits,
some of them life-terminers, had little
to be thankful for, but that was count-
ing without John. Whenever John
arose and spoke, the toughest jail bird
of them all grinned amiably; and the
smile of negro Fred Wood, who sat
off in the corner with an Oregon boot
on, looked like the opening left in a
dark skinned watermelon when a red
wedge has been cut out.

"When President Rosenfelt writ this
ere paper, this Thanksgiving procla-
mation," said John in opening his ser-
mon, "little did 'e know that it would
be 'eard in an institution like this.
Perhaps 'e never 'eard of this place.
But 'ere we are, big as life and twicet
as natural."

"As I was a comin' 'ere today in the
rain, I met a 'en. She was a settin'
on a rock"—and as John paused and
looked earnestly at his audience some
fear seem to be felt that the next thing
the 'en might do would be to lay an
egg. But she didn't. "The 'en," con-
tinued John, "was a settin' there all
by 'er lonely an' 'er little chickens, huff
in the mud to one side, was a peep-
peepin', an' a peep-peepin' in the rain
like Sam 'ill. When I saw that, I
couldn't 'elp think, dear brethren, of
the poor feller 'oo kep chickens in 'is
cellar an' when a flood come an' the
'ens was all a roostin' on barrels, tel-
phoned the editor of a paper 'an asked
'im what 'e should do? 'Keep ducks,'
was the 'ard-'earted reply.

"Now, brethren, the happlication is
this: When you are out in the rain
of life an' are peep-peepin' an' peep-
peepin' around an' your maternal pro-
tector can't 'elp you, an' asks your
'Eavenly Father for aid for 'er chicks,
'E won't tell 'er to keep ducks. 'E'll
reach down 'is 'and an' pick you up an'
put your feet on the rock, jest like the
Japanese owner of them 'ens ought to
'ave done today."

There were other speakers, but none
of them made the audience half so
thankful as John did. The prison
quartet had a lugubrious side and the
deacons of the congregation, headed by
Turnkey Billy Woods, might have been
suspected of carrying stout locusts up
their sleeves and Smith & Wesson per-
suaders in their hip pockets. But in
spite of this the congregation showed
no restiveness and there were no evi-
dences of a church row even when the
preacher expressed the 'ope that all
might be present when he came again.

FOOD OR STIMULANT.

Ask your doctor if when
he orders a patient to drink
lots of pure milk he advises
the addition of a large
quantity of whiskey. He'll
tell you "no" very emphati-
cally. Yet there are people
who, when ordered to get
Scott's Emulsion, will accept
some wine, cordial or extract
of cod liver oil and think it is
the same thing or better. If
you want and need cod liver
oil in its best, purest and
most easily digested form, get
Scott's Emulsion. If you
want whiskey, that's another
matter, but don't look for the
same results.

SCOTT & BOWNE, 409 Pearl St., New York.

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—AT—

Miss Power's

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BUILDING, FORT STREET.

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FORT STREET.

K. FUKURODA

has just received the very best Bam-
boo Screens for verandas. Try one.
Price \$1 and \$1.25 a foot.
28 and 32 Hotel Street.

R. Kuwa

Punchbowl Street, below King and
Queen

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PAPER HANGING

Wood Stoves

TOOLS, HARDWARE AND TOOLS

Abraham Fernandez & Son,

44 to 50 King Street

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Unscrupulous dealers are placing inferior cigars in Owl
Cigar boxes and selling them for

OWL CIGARS

Every genuine Owl Cigar has the letters O. W.
L. perforated in the wrapper.

LOOK FOR THE PERFORATION
GUNST-EAKIN CIGAR CO., (INC.)

THANKSGIVING SERVICES

(Continued from Page One.)

should be devoutly thankful. Am I
wrong in believing that it is of these
things we should speak on such a day
as this? If it seems to you that there
is the sound of thunder in the firm-
ament of our national life, would it not
be well, today, to listen more atten-
tively, for it may be you will detect
some melody of an angel's voice within
the dread reverberations. I am one of
those who believe that the suggestion
of the text is true to the nature of
all things in life. The sound, in it-
self, was not that of thunder, it was
not even that of an angel's voice, it
was a sound deeper and nobler than
the most faithful of Jesus' attendants
dreamed or hoped it could be—the
sound of the Father's voice; so I be-
lieve that the prevailing influences, at
work today in our nation's life, are not
the forces that make for evil; they
are even something more than the
forces that make for material good,
they are forces stronger and finer than
the most optimistic among us have ever
dreamed or hoped. I believe the voice
within the thunder is a voice purer
and of sweeter melody than even that
of an angel—I believe it is the voice
of God. He who listens carefully
may say that it thunders, but he whose
ear is attuned to those deeper harmonies
of the living Spirit will say that
there is music under the discord, that
while many things look dark and
threatening, and while many things
tend to discouragement, there are other
things, and those of deeper import
far, that should fire our hearts as
Christian citizens with new courage and
hope.

Having gone thus far it would seem
that I ought to be somewhat more par-
ticular. Accordingly let me illustrate
by looking rather hastily at some of
our American institutions. Take that
one most present in our thoughts to-
day—the home. What shall we say
of it, what of the influences that are
at work upon it? Are they such as
build up or tear down? Is the voice
wholly that of thunder or may we
hear some sweeter note, if only we
pause to listen?

Now I am not prepared to deny that
we are face to face with a rather grave
situation. The home is being attacked
from many different and some unex-
pected directions. Every minister should
speak, occasionally, some clear, definite
word of warning. But he should take
care lest the thunder render him deaf
to that deeper voice that sounds across
the storm. The idea of the home in
our American life may be in danger,
but it is in danger only in the sense
that the full and complete triumph of
that idea is being deferred from gen-
eration to generation by the attacks
made upon it. To him who has faith
in God, and faith in his Christ, and
faith in the divine gospel that he
preached, there can be no question as
to the ultimate triumph of the home
idea, and the family institution. If
there is anything certain on the earth it
is this.

You will understand that I have no
time to justify such a statement by any
philosophical inquiries. My purpose is
very simple and direct. I would sug-
gest that the American home is still
the foundation of our national strength
and virtue. I would point out that
there is no land under the sun where
home influences are so pronounced, and
home associations so deep and precious.
America is, and ever will be, I believe,
a land of homes. It will continue to
thunder, and men will continue to say
that a great storm is gathering; and it
may be that from time to time clouds
actually will obscure the sun, and a
tempest come bursting upon us from
out the skies. But I think the air will
be clearer after the clouds have passed.
The sun will shine more brilliantly,
the birds sing with a new depth of melody,
and the flowers breathe a sweeter frag-
rance because of the storm.

Again, I think the text has a very
sharp application when we consider how
many regard our political life. I am
aware that I tread here upon some-
what uncertain ground, but the thing
lies in my way, and I am determined
not to go around it. Moreover, I be-
lieve that you will be disposed to trust
me not to touch this subject from the
plane of party passion or prejudice. I
have before me those who represent
various schools of political thought.
Surely, it would be unworthy of me,

a comparative stranger to take ad-
vantage of this occasion by advocating
political doctrines which none of you
would have the opportunity to con-
trovert. Besides His Excellency, the
Governor, is here to bring me to book
for any violation of alleged fact. No!
no! What I have to say can not possi-
bly give offense, whatever may be your
party preferences. I wish only to show
that it is not all of thunder and the
rising storm in our political life. We
may hear another voice if we will; and
if it chance that the voice is not
that of an angel, at least it may be
a manly, earnest, resolute voice, one
vibrant with the inspiring qualities of
courage and hope.

I can not deny, nor would I under
any pressure, that I dislike, intensely,
some of the present-day tendencies in
our American politics. But he who
fails to see that there are deeper ten-
dencies making for national honor and
righteousness needs to have his vision
clarified. Time may show that some
of us will have to class ourselves among
the fools, but until that day arrives,
we shall continue to hold to our faith
in the American people, and in our
American institutions; to believe that
the good outweighs the bad, and is
sending it up faster and faster in the
balances of God; to believe that all
evil forces have a tendency to exhaust
themselves; and that, however, near
our people may walk to the edge of
the precipice, the bottom of which is
national dishonor and final extinction—
however near they may walk, they
will not fall over. There is one sen-
tence in John Stuart Mill that I once
marked in my reading, and have often
pondered. "The American people,"
he writes, "have upon a number of oc-
casions . . . been upon the verge of
doing a very foolish thing, but always,
at the critical time, the common sense
of the people asserted itself—the wrong
thing is put down, and the right thing
put up." These words might be quoted,
not inappropriately of the political
history of Hawaii. "Always at the
critical time the common sense of the
people asserted itself."

In other words there always has been,
and there always will be, men enough
in the rank and file of our American
citizenship, who hear the divine voice
in spite of the deafening reverbera-
tions of thunder—men enough who hear
that voice and follow it, to save our
country from the final bitterness of a
clearly evidenced national dishonor.

Once more, I would have you note
that the Christian church has entered
upon an era of general criticism and
fault-finding. Not only are the people
whose interests are opposed to the
triumph of the church, against it—that
would be expected—but the friends of
the church, those within its own sanc-
tuary, are most prodigal in their judg-
ments of its efficiency as a moral and

Danderine

GREW THIS HAIR

And we can
PROVE IT

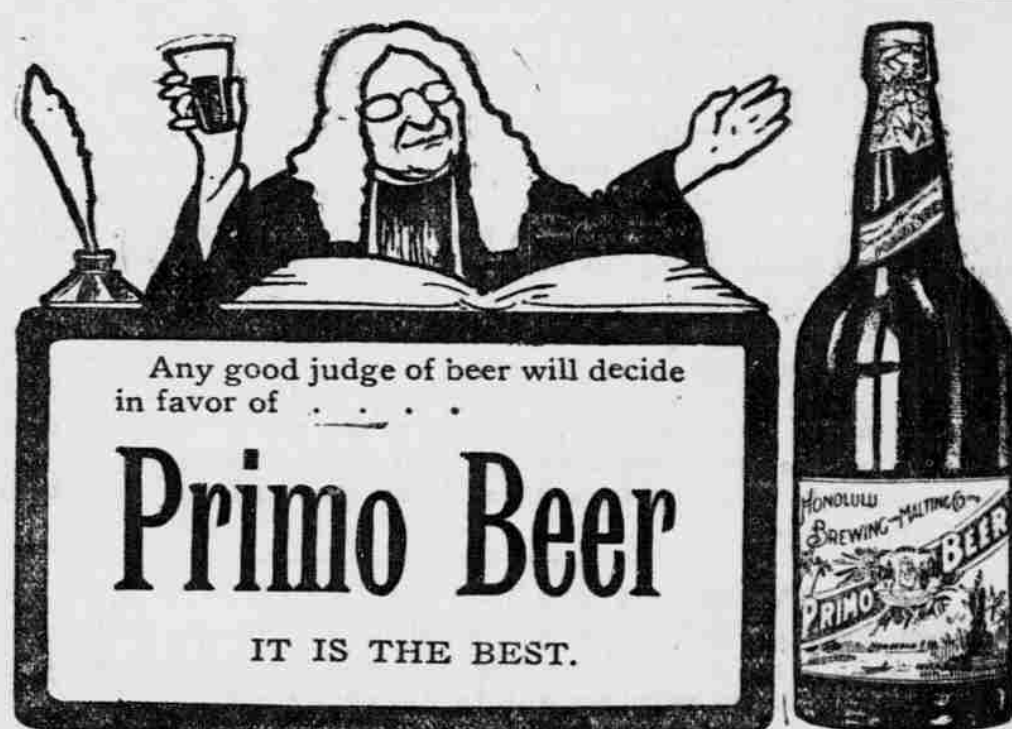


MRS. ANNIE E. SHEEHAN,
Weir City, Kansas.

You must remember that falling hair and
dandruff are signs of decay, or a diseased
condition of the scalp, and you must not delay
treatment. To do so simply means more loss of
hair, and a greater impoverished scalp, and
finally no hair. The wise thing to do is to cor-
rect it in the start. Danderine works wonders
in all such cases. It will quickly regenerate the
enfeebled tissues, and make your hair grow
more beautiful than it ever was. NOW at all
drugists, everywhere.

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spiritual force in the world. We fall
to see that this universal practice of
self-condemnation springs largely out
of a more highly developed social con-
science. I venture that there is some
hope when the church becomes dis-
satisfied with itself; and I would be the
last one to endeavor to lull you into
the dreamless sleep of those who are
so perfectly saved themselves that
there is nothing more to do. And yet
I would not have you interpret every
ecclesiastical sound as that of thunder.
Surely, God still speaks through his
church, and they who listen, with souls
attuned, may hear the divine voice.
Speaking for myself, I am becoming
very weary over all this unhistorical,
unphilosophical, unchristian, unjust
and utterly untrue criticism of the
church. I hold no brief for the church
and I care nothing whatever for it as
an institution apart from its religious
significance. I will go further and say
that I would be perfectly content to
see it crumble down into ruins, so that
the cause of religion might prevail
among men—the kind of religion ex-
pressed in those old words: "What
doth the Lord require of thee but to
do justly, to love mercy, and to walk
humbly with thy God?" Common jus-
tice, however, requires it to be said
that the church is the chief agency in
the world today by which and through
which, such religion is being developed
in the lives of men.

I sat once in the audience room of
that wonderful institution in Chicago
known as the Commons and listened
while man after man, availing himself
of the utter freedom of speech that
there exists, indulged in the most bitter
and prejudiced denunciation of the
church; and sitting there I knew that
every brick in the edifice, and every
timber beneath floor and roof, and
every nail in the building was paid for
by the Christian men of Chicago, who
sat in the pews of the despised
churches.

On another occasion I was one of an
audience that packed the great Audi-
torium of that city to listen to a man
of unquestioned sincerity and elo-
quence denounce the Christian church.
I saw the thousands go fairly mad with
applause at the climax of one of his
splendid periods of oratory; but I knew
deep down in my heart that if it had
come to any actual, practical, first-
hand endeavor to do something to lift
up humanity, there would not have
been, in the whole wild, shrieking
crowd from pit to gallery, a five-dollar
contribution. I have lost all my faith
in the people who are trying to save
the world by crying down the church.

That church has her grave imperfec-
tions without doubt, but I ask you in
all honesty, as one who does not know
—yet feels, nevertheless, somewhat
sure—who are the men and women that
have made possible by their gifts of
time and money and prayer the hu-
manitarian work of your city? And
your Territory? Cast them up in your
memory, who are they? Who have
they been? Have they been those of
the rank and file of the church, or
have they been the anti's? Have they
been the boosters or the kickers? Make
no mistake about it. Do not let the
idle, shallow criticisms of men deceive
you, nor yet your own hearts; imper-
fect as she is, the church of God is the
hope of the world today.

Here I bring these stray thoughts
together in one last word. The evil in

the world is great, but all that worketh
together for good is greater. Influences
are abroad, the tendency of which is
towards the overthrow of those long
cherished ideals of national honor and
justice. But other influences, silent
and deep, influences stronger by far
are at work also. Do you remember
the account, in that story of the "Pil-
grim's Progress," of how Christian was
ushered into a room where he beheld
a man throwing water on fire, but the
more water he threw upon it, the fiercer
burned the flame? At this strange
sight Christian was led to marvel
greatly, until his guide took him
through to the other side of the wall,
and there he found that some one was
feeding the fire with oil. Thus I be-
lieve it is in our American life; shall
we not have the faith to say it—in the
life of the world? Does the sound seem
to you as the sound of thunder? Then
listen again! Remember how the
prophet of old wrapped his face in his
mantle, that he might shut out the
furious noise of earthquake and pass-
ing wind; and hear only the still, small
voice of that Eternal Spirit who striv-
eth to make himself heard in the soul
of every man. Say of the voice: It is
the voice of an angel; to me it may
seem as the voice of thunder, but I
do believe, I must believe, that deep
within that sounding fury, there is the
clear sweet note of eternal love. I will
listen until I hear it. I will watch un-
til the storm is past.



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aches in your back and shoulders, to
make yourself strong and active, full of
life and courage.

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bills and makes a man feel like a man
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with photographs of fully developed men
and women. It's free if you will inclose
this ad.

DR. S. G. HALL Electro-Vigor Co.

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help or advice, is invited to communi-
cate, either in person or by letter, with
Ensign L. Anderson, matron of the
Salvation Army Woman's Industrial
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